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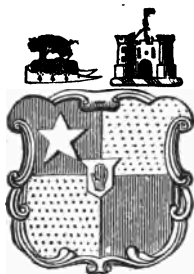
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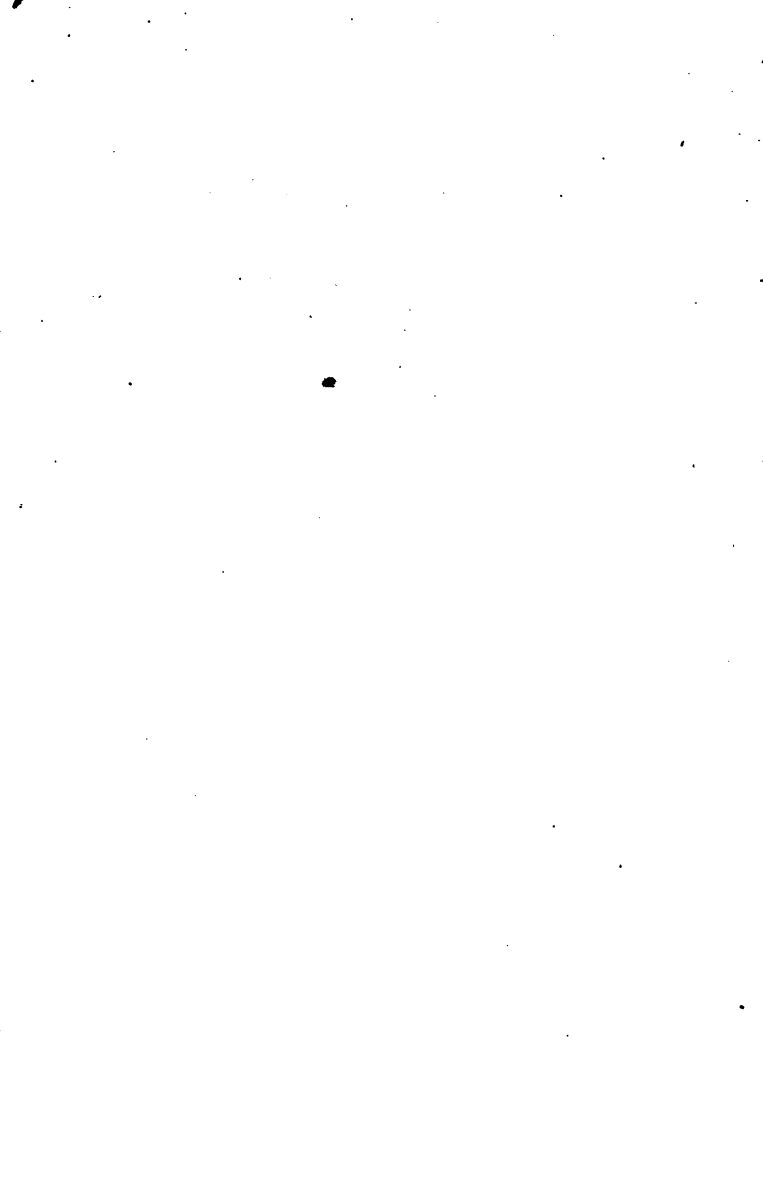


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THE LAST
OF
THE DESMONDS,
ETC., ETC.







Ah ! more potent now in ruin, ivy-mantled tower of Ross.

Lays of Killarney Lakes.

THE LAST
OF THE
DES MOINES.

Other Poems.

BY

THOMAS CALLWEY, A.M.

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, AND THE UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS.

CORR :

CLARK & COMPANY, PRINTER, 121 ST. PATRICK STREET,
1874.

the above mentioned Mr. [redacted] of Ross

has been [redacted]

THE LAST
OF
THE DESMONDS,
AND
Other Poems.

BY
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AUTHOR OF LAYS OF KILLARNEY LAKES, AND THE GERALDINE'S BRIDE.

CORK :
PURCELL & COMPANY, PRINTERS, 124, ST. PATRICK STREET.
1874.

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Gift of
William Everett Jr.

NOTICE TO THE READER.

THE present little volume is intended solely for private circulation among the writer's friends. It contains many fugitive pieces, and is intended rather as a mode of safe-keeping than as a vehicle for publication.

Killarney, March 25th, 1874.



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INTRODUCTION

TO THE

LAST OF THE DESMONDS.

THE reign of Elizabeth formed a turning point in the history of England's connection with Ireland; the fall of the last Earl of Desmond became a turning point in the reign of Elizabeth, with reference to the same connection.

Desmond was unquestionably one of the most powerful, if not the most powerful, of the Queen's Irish subjects. His estates comprised nearly 600,000 acres; he exercised regal rights in his Palatinate of Kerry, and his castles and strongholds were scattered thickly over his vast territories.

Towards the close of 1579, this great noble openly rebelled against the Queen, but was in a short time reduced from his high estate to the most abject misery. His princely mansion at Askeaton, was burned to the ground; all his castles were taken; his retainers deserted him, and he himself had to seek for safety and concealment

INTRODUCTION.

in the woods and caves of his Palatinate. After three years of wandering through the mountain-fastnesses, he was at length taken and slain in November, 1583. The reader is referred to the 27th chapter of the 11th vol. of Froude's history for a full account of the great Desmond rebellion, which ended thus disastrously for its promoters.

The following poem, of which the 1st part only is contained in the present volume, is an attempt to track the Earl in his wanderings. There is no pretence to historical accuracy in the details, but the principal characters introduced in addition to Desmond himself—namely Saunders and Raleigh—were real actors in the scenes which are attempted to be described.



The Least Earl of Desmond.

CANTO I.

I.

See where Glena, precipitously high,
Its heath-crowned summit lifts, as if to greet
The summer-pilgrim's oft-reverted eye,
As up-stream borne to where the waters meet :
Its leafy garment, pranked with many a dye,
Sweeps, till it touch the flood, from head to
feet—
By beauty's hand its hues and form are blent,
And echo makes its caves her instrument.

II.

Old instrument, with ever-newest tone,
Its range a diapason of sweet sound,
Woke by the elements, when forests lone
In times primeval nursed the infant ground,
And now its organ, thousand-stopped, is blown
By animate creation in the round,
From bellowing stag, and eagle on the soar,
To man discoursing thro' the cannon's roar.

III.

The cottage and the lawn have I beheld

In all the garniture of summer hues,
When music, mirth, and peerless beauty held
High festival—one voice from lusty crews
Of thronging boats, with cheer on cheering,
knelled

The taking of the stag, sending the news
From peak to peak the mountains o'er,
Till, whispering, it regained the caves that bore

IV.

And sent it forth. Cottage and lawn are there,
By lowering mountain-wall half girded round,
Half by the crescent bay in front; but where
Be they, the two bright forms* that all men
found
Fairer than scenes till then deemed passing fair—
The lady of the land imperial crowned
By beauty's wand, and she, the Fairy queen,
Imagined erst, but here in presence seen?

* The present Countess of Kenmare and Countess Spencer on the occasion of Lord Spencer's visit to Killarney-House, in August, 1869.

V.

Gone on their separate ways, to halls of light
And splendour, handmaid still of taste and art,
Home-circles made magnificently bright,
But toned by nameless graces, that impart
A benediction of complete delight
Conceived i' th' eye and nourished in the heart
Of the beholder. The vision crossed my brain
As I my task began, but not again

VI.

Can it recur, for now the actors troop
Upon the scene, in wondrous old costume,
As painted figures from the canvas stoop—
When fancy wakes, and waning fires illumine
The arras on the wall the wind hath shook—
To slumberer's eye, so crowding figures come,
Summoned from eld as by enchanter's wand,
Now shadowy, dim, and now clear, large and
grand.

VII.

Across Lough Lene a thousand soldiers came,
With buckler, sword, and arquebuse equipped,
Led on by one who earned his spurs and fame
Under the great red-handed queen, and shipped
In hide-bound currachs, that, with fragile frame,
Before the breeze along the waters tripped,
Innumerable as the snowy flocks
Of Gannets whirling round their sea-girt rocks.

VIII.

They came, in this the full four hundreth year,
Since the first ruddy wave of conquest rolled
From England's shore, came questing for a peer,
The foremost one of all the primal fold,
To stalk him down like any branched deer—
The last, lone vestige of a world of old—
And all because he would not don with speed,
For his soul's vest, the royal change of creed,

IX.

And would have done, had he been one of those
Who ken no boundless sea beyond time's shore,
And view the starry skies in grand repose,
As any painted ceiling and no more,
Nor deem it strange, if worth be steeped in woes,
And flaming vice on gilded pinions soar,
'That swinish thoughts in golden verse built up,
And slaughtered hosts make brimful glory's cup.

X.

His nature saw with philosophic eye
That if the be-all and the end-all here
Be such as this, our being is a lie ;
The flower-enamelled earth is but a bier
For strangled hopes, the starry canopy
A blank and insubstantial sphere,
And consciousness, with its incessant ring,
An air-drawn tone from some melodious string.

XI.

In vain, in vain, the sweet, sonorous roll
Of harmony would spread through vaulted
aisle,
Till wave on wave it permeate the whole
Solemn, majestic, immemorial pile,
And subtly reach, thro' sense, the spell-bound
soul,
And the full heart unconsciously beguile
To deem it soared, on love's delighted pinion,
To fields but seen in fancy's bright dominion.

XII.

In vain the glorious sacrifice of self,
So rare, and unimaginably grand
When found, which heeds not pride or pelf,
And nature's plea for life can firm withstand,
And headlong plunges down the yawning gulf
To save a brother, or to shield the land,
Its altars, hearths, and homes from iron heel
Of conquest, or its less ignoble steel.

XIII.

There have been men—the good God grant there
may

Be many such in store for mankind yet—
Who sought not honour in their wit's display,
Nor on the glittering heaps there whole heart
set ;

But left behind them as they passed away
A track of light that none can e'er forget.
These knew to teachers of rude man is given
A golden mansion in the fields of Heaven.

XIV.

If then this hope, and faith, and ceaseless long-
ing—

Supposed from nature and philosophy—
Be merely empty bubbles—shapes belonging
To vain, fantastic realms of fantasy—
Be shadowy spectres, flitting, trooping, thronging,
From chance or chaos, on the fooled mind's
eye—

'Tis meet and just, and quite the proper thing,
That subjects take their *credo* from the king.

XV.

But if within us be a spark divine,
Lent to inform this tenement of clay,
An emanation from the beams that shine
With increate and everlasting ray,
And which, at times, breaks through the murky
line
Of darkness brooding o'er the wanderer's way,
Anon revealing, as we onward roam,
Some landmark pointing to the spirit's home ;

XVI.

Then by that Irish oath* of earth, and air,
And elemental fire, or other oath—
Truth's sponsor here below—we well may swear
The Irish race were right in being loth
To change their faith, and Desmond in his lair
Most nobly showed, abiding by his troth,
With heathery pillow for his snow-white head,
And, smoothed by daughter's hand, his caverned
bed.

* The Pagan Irish used to swear "by the earth, air, and fire."

XVII.

Within Askeaton's lordly towers, where meet
The rolling Shannon and the ocean wave,
Did the first ray of light and being greet
The Lady Ellen—far then from thought of cave
To shield the tender flower from cold or heat,
And screened from skiey influences, save
The curtained light, soft-mellowed to her eye,
And balmy zephyr hushed to lullaby.

XVIII.

Born in the purple, she was lovely-fair
As first faint streaks of dawn in early May,
Which bid the watcher on the hills repair
To some lone cot to sleep his toil away ;
Yet, dark as raven night her eyes and hair
When moonless skies rain down the starry ray.
Men called her "angel," for she seemed from
birth,
A bearer of glad tidings to the earth.

XIX.

The bloom of beauty, and the nameless power
Of grace and form, matured, expanded, grew
To ripe perfection in the island flower,
Combining all of lovely, old or new,
Amid the gifts of her celestial dower,
Gifts such as once from heaven the angels
drew.
Love, uninformed as yet, his dwelling place
Fixed in her heart, and played across her face.

XX.

A ray of light through mists, a slanting beam
From ebon clouds, down-darting on the plain,
To all eyes did the lovely lady seem.
The bard of fairy land, who searched in vain
Sweet fancy's haunts and visionary dream,
To furnish forth an image for his strain,
Once saw her stray by Mulla's banks along,
And Una issued in immortal song.

XXI.

And when her sire and she, by England's queen,
Were held in bondage at the regal court,
A gently-serious aspect marked her mien,
And thro' its halls she passed with queenly
port,
Amid that chivalrous, enervate scene,
Where sages, poets, warriors made resort—
'The race of demigods who sought renown,
Now climbing skyward, now low-bending down.

XXII.

The myriad-minded Shakspeare, lord of all
The realms of fancy and creative thought,
Beheld her, and the vision straight did call
"Imperial Votress," whence his fancy wrought,
In numbers sweet as music's sweetest fall,
A picture with surpassing beauty fraught.
Had Raleigh won the maid to be his own,
He would have placed her on some new world
throne.

XXIII.

No more of courts ! The daughter and her sire
Are wandering outcasts in the pleasant land
Wherein as king, in all but name, entire,
He lately ruled and swayed with father's hand ;
His lordly roof-tree, charred by foeman's fire,
And on his furrowed brow foul treason's
brand,
A surface mark—the heart, from which he drew
His thought and impulse, aye was clear and true.

XXIV.

The marsh and mountain, bare and leafless now,
Were one unbroken forest, silent then,
Save when the fall of some moss-laden bough,
Or boom of water plunging down the glen,
Or fitful night-wind's melancholy sough,
Startled the hill's belated denizen,
Or outlawed chief, who heard in every sound,
The foeman's shout, or baying of the hound.

XXV.

It was the fashion in the days of old,
When conquest's ruddy wave first swept the
shore,
To mark its reach by many a massive hold :
Another wave, and yet another, bore
The onward tide. The frowning turrets told
The self-same tale, until they covered o'er
The emerald isle, like chessmen on a board,
To be the playthings of the sovereign lord

XXVI.

Or lady, as the case might be, and was
At that particular time and page
Of history, when, whatsoe'er the cause—
Love, lust, greed, policy, or rage—
The monarch deemed herself above all laws,
A holy champion on a bloody stage,
And showed her zeal for Irishmen's salvation
By 'mongst them dealing round extermination.

XXVII.

The Jews the palm of persecution won ;
Hoping to prop the antient ark of truth,
They stretched their hands profane, and laid
them on

The Holiest, rife with God-head, beauty, youth,
All martyrdoms consummating in one.

But nerveless fell the hands that did the ruth ;
They gem the sphere of reason as before,
But Sion knows them as a race no more.

XXVIII.

Rome left, to follow in the Hebrew wake,
Imperial, old, traditionary ways,
Closed its Pantheon, reared the hideous stake ;
Her seven hills taught the Smithfield fires to
blaze

For policy, but not for conscience sake—

Old Rome's was wiser than the Christians'
craze.

But what's the moral from her hecatombs ?
Her glories paled before the catacombs.

XXIX.

The Turk is now the shadow of a name,

A mildew on the land whereon he erst
Imposed a worship by the sword and flame.

The cry of blood rose up from France and curst
Bartholomew's, that day of crowning shame.

Though once among the nations Spain was
first,

So low her fall, she may be now forgiven
For burning wretches in the name of Heaven.

XXX.

And England, too, on whose imperial brow

Shame's blush will mingle with the hue of
pride,

She meanly strove to break what would not
bow—

The faith of the sea-sister by her side—
By force, and all imaginable woe.

We now behold a turning of the tide ;
God grant it may be not too late ! for yet
I would not see her sun of glory set.

XXXI.

Bereft of freedom what are mankind still
But base mechanicals of plastic clay ?
If freedom be at all, its seat 's the will,
And foul as those who poison springs are they
Who would the seat of our free being kill,
And shape, by force not light, the spirit's way.
To this base end did England now aspire,
And Desmond bore the first brunt of her ire.

XXXII.

No greater subject had proud England's Queen,
Nor one more true or loyal to the core
Than was the Geraldine, and still had been
If, loving her, he loved not honor more.
He proffered all but sordid soul and mean ;
She would have that, or rivers running gore.
So then let loose the dogs of war and gorge
The famished pack that follow on St. George !

XXXIII.

Where broad-backed Mangerton against the sky
Conspicuous looms, in chequered robes arrayed,
A cavern vast, concealed from every eye
By beetling rock and forest's tangled shade,
Stretched out its level floor and arches high
Beneath the mountain's womb, wherein were
laid
Its deep foundations at the dawn of time,
Far towards the centre as it rose sublime.

XXXIV.

Hall beyond hall within the mountain's womb,
Coursed through by pillars bearing nature's
brand,
And lifting high the massive rock-built dome,
Stretched darkling far and wide on either hand.
They would be thought for kings a fitting tomb,
Met in the sandy plains of Pharaoh's land—
Here, where pale death paced rampant to and fro,
They made a palace for a living woe.

XXXV.

Soon as the Saxon foe his roof-tree fired,
And ruin bared Askeaton's princely towers,
The Desmond to the forest-wilds retired,
And harboured oft in these sepulchral bowers.
The lovely Ellen, way-worn, foot-sore, tired,
Stays his aged steps as by his side she cowers :
With all to wake her maiden heart's alarm
She braves all fears to shield her sire from harm.

XXXVI.

Within this subterrene a deep recess
Thick clouds of murky flame disclosed to
view,
Which, through some winding crevice found
egress,
And o'er the gloom a fitful halo threw.
A crystal stream, child of the wilderness
And mossy banks that on the summit grew,
Here, trickling downwards, gathered to a head,
And poured its waters thro' a channeled bed.

XXXVII.

Fresh-gathered heaps of purple heather meet
The eye when glancing from the dusky flame :
These to the bee late yielded pastures sweet
As Hybla or Hymettus, known to fame,
And covert to the wild deer in the heat,
When they at noontide haply trooping came ;
These, too, made earth the rival of the sky
When stretched o'er hills their robe of Tyrian
dye.

XXXVIII.

I see her now ! the maid so darkly fair,
With glow that might bespeak a southern
clime,
Eyes like the sloe, and glossy raven hair,
And voice which, tuned to softest lullaby
Or merry carol, floating down the air,
Stirs all around a world of melody.
The merry mountain maid-of-all-work ! still,
Methinks I see her stand beside the rill—

XXXIX.

There, crouching lowly down, the brimful pail
Upon her shapely head behold her place,
And, as the stateliest pine in all the dale,
Then stand erect, all symmetry and grace ;
Anon ! behold her front the mountain gale
To pluck the heath for rustic couch, or trace
Her evening carol as she sings and dreams,
While yield the kine their most delicious streams.

Song.

There is wailing on 'the mountains,
There is sorrow on the plain,
There are tears from bright-eyed fountains
Till my Donald come again.

He was ever brave and gentle,
And as merry as the May,
When she spreads her snow-white mantle
On the green and tender spray.

Like the steed to battle rushing
Was his step across the lea,
Like the earliest rose-bud's blushing
Ah ! his tenderness to me.

Forth he went to fight the foemen
Of his country and his clan—
Norman knight and Saxon bowmen,
Foes alike to God and man.

Holy saints and angels guide him
Through the ambush and the fight ;
May no scath or woe betide him
In the headlong race for life !

Oh ! I'm weary, weary watching
For my Donald, brave and true,
But the chill of death is catching—
Lies he cold, I'll perish too.

XL.

Thus did the mountain maid, so darkly fair,
Cast in the true—so-deemed—Milesian type,
Pour forth her ditty to the evening air,
As sweet as fancy deems the shepherd's pipe,
Soothing mute creatures, and the eating care
That gnawed her heart with more than vulture's
gripe.

Is Donald, too, now dreaming of his love,
Or lies he low, and views her from above ?

XLI.

Her hill-side toil now o'er, her song afloat
On echo's wings in sweetest cadence sent,
To bear the love-lorn lay to fields remote,
Sweet Cathleen Dhuv her homeward footsteps
bent
To this same cave : there searched each grot,
And ordered all for use and ornament.
For next to Donald in the maiden's heart
The Desmond chieftain held the foremost part.

XLII.

Within the cave, hard by the blazing wood,
Stretched on the heath a lonely man reclined,
Whose face and lineaments, like marble, stood
Transfixed, save when the motion of his mind
Flashed from his large, dark eyes, and showed a
mood
Of eager thought and passion from behind
The crust of his diaphanous, wasted form—
Like bare-ribbed bark, sole relic of the storm.

XLIII.

Rome's emissary,—bearing on his brow
The stamp of piercing thought and purpose
high—
He came to keep men faithful to the vow
Which shaped their course to realms beyond
the sky,
And cast a halo on their path below ;
His work now done he here remained to die.
Saunders ! to thee the martyr's doom was given,
A bloody death, the hope of rest in Heaven.

XLIV.

Unstinted honor to the Desmond's name*
Who, proffered safety by betraying thine,
Refused the boon ; and, when the tempter came,
Preferred the shock of fight, nor would consign
A guest to death, to everlasting shame
Himself and all the glories of his line.
Such choice was tendered by the tyrant hand,
To forfeit fame, or yield up life and land.

* Desmond was more than once promised pardon if he surrendered Saunders to the English, which he refused to do.

XLV.

And now with twilight's lengthening shadows
came

The father and the daughter side by side,
And bent them towards the hospitable flame
Which then with rays illumin'd far and wide
The mountain cave. In bearing he the same
As when he bore the brunt of battle's tide ;
Whilst she more like a spirit seemed than maid,
Still hovering round, and prompt to lend him aid.

XLVI.

One followed, close behind, in seeming guise
Of an attendant squire. Well-knit his frame,
His bearing bold, and on his forehead high
Ambition's flickering shadow went and came ;
For love had lit for him her rival flame
Whom fame alone late beckoned to the sky.
What doth he here, at twilight's silent hour ?
Ah ! glory pales, and love asserts her power.

XLVII.

'Twas on a summer's day, and summer haze
Hung drowsily on island, lake and wood,
And o'er the peerless mountains which upraise
A wall around Lough Lene's imperial flood,
When Raleigh, shunning for a space, the gaze
And hum of camps, retired to solitude,
Beside the pool where falling waters play,
In noontide dreams to while the hours away.

XLVIII.

He thought of home and happy faces there,
And one sweet face that erst in earliest youth,
Above him bent with meekly-murmured prayer,
And praise of seraph-love and priceless truth ;
Of native England, with her landscapes fair,
And present Ireland, with its fields of ruth ;
Of empires yet to be, or to be won
Beyond the seas, beside the setting sun ;

XLIX.

Of Eldorado and the Spanish Main,

And nameless deeds done on the silent sea ;

But ever and anon across his brain

There came a pang of keen regret that he
Should waste his prime of life in quest so vain

As quest for Desmond ever still must be.

Thus musing, o'er his senses slumber stole,

And dreams, swift-winged, came flitting o'er his
soul.

L.

He sailed across the seas to sunny skies,

And lands all bright with flow'ring trees, and
birds

With gorgeous plumes of many-tinted dyes,

And voice that poured in inarticulate words

A flood of melody, unbroken save by cries

Borne by soft zephyrs from the far-off herds ;

While peak rose over peak, sublimely grand,

And cradled at their feet this fairy land.

LI.

He passed the mountain barrier, and beheld
A region wild with prostrate columns spread,
Like to some wreck bequeathed from men of old,
A silent city of the ancient dead,
And massive blocks, that might have each upheld
A mountain mass, or been its giant head,
All burnished gold, and like the heavens at night,
The region gleamed with gems of yellow light.

LII.

The evening breeze swept down the forest glade,
And fanned the dreamer's forehead where he lay
Beside the pool, beneath the hoarse cascade,
Leaping the ledge in sheets of silver spray ;
It chilled his placid brow, and lightly stayed
The current of his thoughts to far away,
And slumber's veil withdrawn, again he sees
The silvery fall and interlacing trees ;

LIII.

But not alone the trees and silvery fall,
For, bending o'er him, lost in mute surprise
An ancient man, majestically tall,
Led by a maiden fair now meets his eyes ;
And, ere his reason woke to duty's call,
The vision stirred his human sympathies.
Beside him now, late wandering thro' the wood,
The outlawed Desmond and his fair child stood.

LIV.

Thus met the soldier and the outlawed chief,
Nor either thought to do the other ill ;
The old heart, bowed beneath its load of grief,
To gentlest courtesy was open still.
The soldier youth, whilst wavering in belief
Who they might be, was thrall'd by love's
sweet will.
They parted soon, but oft-times met again,
And every time yet stronger grew the chain.

LV.

And thus it chanced that Raleigh when in quest
Of captives was himself a captive made,
And to this cave repaired, a frequent guest,
Where he had meetly come in hostile raid ;
Yet found he not an answer in the breast—
Sole beating for her sire—of that fair maid,
Nor did she by a whisper bid him stay
When at her feet he poured this farewell lay :

Song.

Oft have I sought thy name to wreathe
In some sweet summer lay,
But ever as I came to breathe
Thy name, sound died away.
It was not that all words were weak
To tell thy matchless grace,
Or failed when they essayed to speak
Of glory in thy face ;
But that around thee shone a light divine
That would not blend with lowly song of mine.

The painter's is a glorious art,
For unto him is given
A power that can to earth impart
The seeming hues of Heaven.
The poet, too, in sunny dreams,
So softly, fondly stealing,
Doth sweetly sing until he seems
A voice of Heaven revealing.
But painter never painted yet the soul,
Nor poet reached the everlasting goal.

The starry host that rides on high,
The fairest flowers that be—
Bright beauty's types on earth and sky—
Can furnish none for thee.
E'en music's most melodious strain,
Afloat through azure fields,
'To seek and soothe the bed of pain,
Of thee no image yields.
Thus fancy fails to find thy likeness here—
It dwells apart in some ethereal sphere.

Then fare thee well, thou angel bright,
I sail across the sea,
To late-found lands of love and light,
And wanting only thee.
I'll place a crown upon thy brow
If thou wilt come away,
Or be thy slave, as I am now,
If thou wilt bid me stay.
Ah ! nothing can restore the heart I gave,
Tho' burnished gold light up the western wave.



Glengarriff. (1).

WE will over the hills to Glengarriff to-day
Ere the balm of the morning has flown,
While the life just astir in the field and the spray
Seems to thrill with a bliss like our own!

WE will over the heights to Glengarriff away,
To its slopes and its musical rills,
To the ship in the offing and boat in the bay,
And its rampart of sheltering hills;

Where the deer roams the wood and the eagle
the sky

With his mate* swooping down on the prey,
And the crystalline streams, as to ocean they hie,
Meet the trout coming up from the bay ;

And the old-fashioned inn with its ivy-clad porch,
And the smoke creeping over the brow,
And the tapering spire of the bright little church
Are all glassed in the mirror below ;

And the gorse giving scent to the light summer
air

And each land-point its golden array,
And the path that runs winding in maze here and
there

Round the coves of this garlanded bay,

* Mate.—Eagles hunt in couples—one soars and watches the prey while the other swoops.

—For the oak and the pine and the purple-belled
flowers,

(Chosen home of the bird and the bee)

Interchangeably wreathe into fanciful bowers

Round this beautiful child of the sea,—

And the long range of hills with their conical
heads

Tending up to the sunlight on high,

With the headlands* that seem as an eagle that
spreads

His pinions abroad for the sky,

All are there! as this moment surveyed from this
height

Over-looking the course of the Glen,

* Headlands.—Allusion is here made to the two headlands which mark the entrance to Bantry Bay. Muintirvarra on the south and Sheeps-head on the north.

Not a rock, not a stone seems displaced to my
sight

From the spot where I looked on it then,

When a glance, and a smile and a heart not my
own,

And yet mine, only mine, cheered the way ;

Ah ! methinks that I see her now sitting alone—

I'll not go to Glengarriff to-day !

The Siege of Rosse Castle in 1652. (2).

In 1652 what is historically called the Irish rebellion of 1641 was brought to a close by the parliamentary general, Ludlow, who in the latter year besieged and took Rosse Castle, Killarney, where the remnant of the Irish forces, 2,500 in number, under M'Carthy (in Irish Mac Caura), Lord Muskerry, had taken refuge. An old prophecy that the Castle would not be taken except by ships, gave courage to the garrison, as it was impregnable on the land side, and ships there were none. Under these circumstances Ludlow caused large boats to be built and brought by land from Kinsale. Their appearance on Loch-lein caused the downfall of the Fort.

“ WHEN the mail-clad warriors float
“ With their banners o'er the deep,
“ Then the foe shall cross the moat
“ And his flag wave o'er the keep,”

Said of old the Celtic seer,
From a vision of the night,
Or surprised by sudden fear
As he gazed thro' second sight.

And now o'er the siege's din
Grey-haired wardens raise that shout,
Heard by leaguered hosts within
And by leaguering foes without.

Full many a bloody day
Fought the Saxon and the Gael,
And the remnant stand at bay
Of the loyal and the leal.

But, without, the rebel voice
Sends aloft the answering cry,
"Put your trust in God, my boys,
"But keep your powder dry"!

Moon-light streams o'er loch and lea
Smiling peace on castled Rosse;
Weary wardens wondering see
Shades unwonted move across.

Large and larger darkly looming,
One, two, three, the craft bear down ;
Thro' the night-air hoarsely booming
Ludlow hears the signal gun.

Convoyed over hill and plain
Neither sail nor oar propelling,
Lo ! the galleys cleave Lough-Lein
Proving true the seer's foretelling.

Mail-clad warriors leap on shore
O'er the keep their banners fling ;
Stout Mac Caura shouts no more .
“ Fight for altars, homes, and king” !

Many a moon has lit since then
Sweet Rosse bay on summer night,
Oft the keep has seen again
Shadows fade with morning's light ;

But the mail-clad warrior's bark,
As it loomed above the bay,
Left a shadow cold and dark,
That has never passed away.



Sorleboy.

WE read in Froude's history of England, vol. 10, p. 527, Ed. 1870, under the date the 22nd July, 1572, as follows:—"From Tyrone the English army turned into Antrim—again not to conquer, but to hunt; to chastise, as it was called, Sorleboy Mac-Connell, and the Scots. To him, too, he (Essex) read a sharp and worse than useless lesson on the 22nd of July. After slaughtering many of his people, he reported that Ulster was now at peace. . . . The work of the expedition, however, was not over. . . . On the Coast of Antrim, not far from the Giant's Causeway, lies the singular Island of Rathlin. It is formed of basaltic rock, encircled with precipices, and is accessible only at a single spot. . . . The approach to it is at all times dangerous. The situation and the difficulty of access had thus long marked Rathlin as a place of refuge for Scotch and Irish fugitives,

and besides its natural strength, it was respected as a sanctuary, having been the abode at one time of St. Columba. A mass of broken masonry on a cliff overhanging the sea, is a remnant of the castle in which Robert Bruce watched the leap of the legendary spider. To this island, when Essex entered Antrim, Sorleboy and the other Scots had sent their wives and children, their aged and their sick for safety. On his way through Carrickfergus, when returning to Dublin, the Earl ascertained that they had not yet been brought back to their homes. The officer in command of the English garrison was John Norris, Lord Norris's second son. Three small frigates were in the harbour; the sea was smooth; there was a light and favorable air from the east; and Essex directed Norris to take a company of soldiers with him, cross over, and kill whatever he could find. The run up the Antrim Coast was rapidly and quietly accomplished. Before an alarm could be given the English had landed close to the ruins of the Church, which bears St. Columba's name. . . . Two hundred were killed in the castle. It was then discovered that several hundred more, chiefly mothers and their little ones, were hidden in the caves about the shore. There was no remorse, not even the faintest

shadow of perception that the occasion called for it. They were hunted out as if they were seals and otters, and all destroyed.—Sorleboy and the other chiefs, Essex coolly wrote, had sent their wives and children into the island, ‘which be all taken and executed to the number of six hundred.’ Sorleboy himself, he continued, ‘stood upon the mainland of the Glynnnes and saw the taking of the island, and was likely to run mad for sorrow, tearing and tormenting himself, and saying that he there lost all that he ever had.’ The impression left upon the mind by this horrible story is increased by the composure with which the news of it was received. ‘Yellow-haired Charley’—Sorleboy—might tear himself for ‘his pretty little ones and their dam,’ but in Ireland itself the massacre was not specially distinguished in the general system of atrocity. Essex himself described it as one of the exploits with which he was most satisfied, and Elizabeth in answer to his letters bade him tell John Norris, ‘the executioner of his well-designed enterprise, that she would not be unmindful of his services.’”

Such is Froude’s narrative—slightly abridged, of-an appalling atrocity. The following is an attempt to render it into the ballad form :—

The Ballad of Sorleboy.

DIN of battle ceased resounding ;
Scot and Saxon welcome rest,
Falling on them as the sunset
Streams upon the ocean's breast.

Sorleboy, too, blest the quiet,
Though he recked not battle's din,
All could shake his warrior bosom
Nestled safe in fair Rathlin.

Babe and mother, age and childhood,
Buxom dame and maiden fair,
Guarded round by foaming ocean
Lay within the caverned lair.

There, as tells the antient legend,
Holy Hermit hewed his bed,
Holding sway o'er all the living
Through his commune with the dead.

There, as tells more recent story,
—Fortune's tide at lowest ebb—
Bruce revived to hope and glory,
Taught by patient spider's web.

Now no more does golden halo
From the saint of other days,
Or the web which bore fair promise
To the Scottish monarch's gaze,

Round the island rampart beckon,
Bidding pilgrims footsteps turn,
Leading on to holy musings,
Or high thoughts of Bannockburn.

Truce has fall'n on Scot and Saxon,
Fast friends now, foes just before,
Mantling vapor, sprung from ocean,
Wraps in mist the island shore.

Sorleboy, the conflict over,
Sinks at last in dreamless rest,
Clan and claymore close beside him,
All his care in yonder nest.

Hark ! what shrieks of sudden anguish
Pierce the vapor, rend the sky ?
“ Sorleboy ! our friend and father,
“ Haste to save us, or we die ! ”

Babe and mother, maid and matron,
Bearing some a double life,
Pour their life-blood in one river,
Not in battle nor in strife.

Saxon bowmen, savage spearmen,
 Borne across the treacherous flood,
Spurn the gentle strength of weakness,
 Wade knee-deep in woman's blood.

Sorleboy! he saw them perish,
 All his darlings, one by one,
Whilst, between, the foaming billows
 Crimson with the life-blood run.

Reeking hot the bubbling runnels
 Streak with red the island shore,
Shattered are the living fountains,
 Life through them shall course no more.

High rose up the cry of anguish
 Swift and eager to destroy,
To the throne of God for vengeance
 From the heart of Sorleboy.

Gone are now the pleasant places,
 Antient groves of fair Rathlin ;
On its jagged and blasted surface
 Heaven has set the seal of sin.

But above it, and around it,
 Voices fill the midnight air,
Crying, "rest to us in Heaven,
 "Unto Essex, fell despair!"



A Race with the Sun.

I, in youth, ran a race with the sun, on a day
When he sloped to the west, as I clomb the
hill-side;
For I longed to behold him go down in the bay,
Who had traversed the sky from a tide to a
tide.

I just scaled the last peak of Knockfiagh's* bold
height
As the full-glowing orb touched the billowy
crest,
And I gained the rich prize, as I gazed with
delight
On the Heaven's whole splendour enthroned in
the west.

* Knockfiagh, a three syllable word, signifying the Mountain of the Deer, overlooks Bantry Bay on the southern side.

Sable cloud, over cloud, gathered round the great
sun,

As it were to foreshadow the night's coming
gloom ;

But he would not be quenched ere his orbit was
run,

. And he fringed with bright gold the dark pall
of his tomb.

And the orb, the great orb, going down in the
sea

Seemed a hero eclipsed in the fulness of fame;
And the clouds, that surrounded the orb, seemed
to be

Like the envy that waits on the holiest name.

Since that day, many times have I raced with the
sun—

Many times have I gained the same exquisite
prize ;

But I now ne'er forget that his race is not run,
And that light will, with morning, revisit the
skies.

Be it so, with the teachers of justice to men,
Whom the minions of force to the dungeon
consign ;
They shall rise from its depths up to glory again,
And, like stars in the sphere, for eternity
shine.

Be it so, when I'm laid in the cold lonely grave,
With the gray ruin round, and the yew-tree
above ;
May my spirit arise, like the sun from the wave,
And be mingled in rapture with hers that I
love.

OCCASIONAL PIECES.



To Mary, from her Mother,

On the eve of her departure for India, after her marriage.



The light of thy home will be dim, Mary,
When, beloved of my heart, thou art gone;
And the friend that now gives thee to *him*, Mary,
Will be lone—all alone!

It is not for ever we part, Mary,
Nor art *thou* but an ever-lost star;
Won't the light still be bright in thy heart, Mary,
And reflect back its rays from afar?

Though thou leavest the fond parent-nest, Mary,
To speed with thy love o'er the sea,
Don't forget that a haven of rest, Mary,
Awaits here thy loved one and thee.

The stars in the East are more bright, Mary,
And the sun is more gorgeous by day,
And the Ganges will roll with delight, Mary,
To meet thee, my child, on thy way.

And the mountains, they say, kiss the skies, Mary,
And the flowers there enamel the plain,
And the men will gaze up in thine eyes, Mary,
And bow down in worship again.

But remember the mountains of home, Mary,
And the sunshine and shade of the west ;
There for thee still a garden will bloom, Mary,
And a love that will love to the last.

Translation of the Hymn "Ave Maris
Stella."

Virgin mother, queen of love,
Guardian of our bliss above,
Wanderers o'er this world's wide sea,
Star of hope! we turn to thee.

Seraph lips first hailed thy name,
Mortals *we* thy favour claim,
Eve's primeval fault efface,
Second mother of our race!

Sorrow dawns upon our birth,
Ills beset our path on earth;
Soften thou the wretch's woe,
Guide the pilgrim's steps below.

By the mother's heart within thee,
By the joy thy son doth bring thee,
Mary, hear the orphan's prayer,
Let it not be lost in air.

Midst the guilty, without stain,
Virgin meek, amidst the vain—
Chasten thou this mortal clay,
Wash its deeds of guilt away.

Shape our erring course aright,
Waft our spirits into light,
When by sight of Jesus blest,
The weary wanderers sink to rest.

Praise to God the Father, sing!
Glory unto Christ our king,
And Holy Ghost for ever be;
Honour One to Trinity!

**On the Feast of the Nativity of our Lady, 1872,
AT
KILLARNEY HOUSE CHAPEL,
LORD CASTLEROSSE & LADY MARGARET BROWNE
MADE
THEIR FIRST COMMUNION.**

I saw two birds of Paradise,
Each in a golden cage,
They seemed as exiles from the skies,
To mourn their heritage.
I saw the parent bird attend the callow brood,
And, thro' the golden bars, convey celestial food.

Right suddenly the young birds thrilled
With unaccustomed joy ;
And all the casing air was filled
With voiceless melody ;
And airy tongues went round, unseen in visual
ray,
And touched each bosom there with this prophetic lay :

Now Heaven open all thy portals,
Showering blessings from above ;
And mortals joining with immortals
In a pledge of heavenly love !
Two cherubs sent from vales of Eden,
Clad in light by mother-earth,
Show here undimmed the glory given
When they left their place of birth.

O Lady ! fear not for to-morrow,
Calm thy mother-heart may be ;
Not e'er shall shade of care or sorrow
Dim thy darlings' destiny.
All blessings on them ! blessings thro' them,
Vistaed in the coming years,
O'er all shall flow, shall still pursue them,
Drying up a people's tears.

 SONNETS.

In Memoriam.

ELLEN GALLWEY,

Obt. 13th October, 1871.

How beautiful in death ! ere life had fled
Wisdom had left the stamp upon her brow
Of calm, clear thought ; her tresses, like the snow,
Were sorrow's, not time's crown upon her head ;
The penciled arch of raven hue did show
The orb whence late the parting light did go
To meet the light of heaven, and meekness shed
Its veil around the features of the dead
By suffering marked. Thro' life it was her fate
To bear the load of most unselfish grief
For other's woe ; 'twas hers early and late
To watch and unto others bring relief.
Now death but opens life's celestial gate,
And bids her in unselfish joy participate.

In Memoriam.

THOMAS EARL OF KENMARE,

Obt. 26th December, 1871.

“ Lord Kenmare looks so calm and grand now—the room is full of flowers and lights—nothing black allowed near him.”—*Extract from London Letter.*

LET not a shadow fall upon the bier

Of him who looks in death so grand and brave
As if he moved in triumph to the grave
And would reprove the hot, fast-falling tear,

Or rather seems, as if his spirit clear,
Unto his lineaments an impress gave
Of parting benison, as gentlest wave

Receding, leaves its ripple on the mere.
No! not a shadow! but abounding light
And fresh-culled wreaths of sweetly-scented
flowers

To handsel his pure spirit on its flight

From earthly prison to celestial bowers,
Whose light and bloom, eternal, without birth,
Their emblems find in lights and flowers of earth.

In Memoriam.
~~~~~

CECIL IRWIN,

WHO DIED 14TH JULY, AGED 11 DAYS.

MARY TO HER BABY.  
~~~~~

HE came, the earliest pledge of wedded love,
A spirit clothed in tiny garb of earth,
But meant to bless a mother by his birth,
Bearing a message from the realms above,
And then returning to th' Almighty Dove.
Father and mother both record his worth;
He came, and coming straight again sped
forth,
Our living faith, and living hope to prove.
Sweet Cecil! firstling of thy mother's heart,
Fair love's first fruit, most justly due to
Heaven,
Within my arms a feather-weight thou art,
A token lent by God, not wholly given;
I weep, my babe, for thee, and then I start
To see thee near, yet know thee far apart.

Ghosts.

Dost seek for Ghosts? Dost ask for haunted
room?

Within the store-house of thy heart repose
A thousand phantoms of past joys and woes
Obedient to thy call. Behold the bloom
Of beauty, conjured up, illumines the gloom
Of this thy curtained nook! Anon there
glows

Another face on thine, and smiling goes!
Heart-friends were these, who met an early tomb.
Again behold that shape arrayed in white
Which now athwart thy up-turned gaze doth
pass,

Making more beautiful the starry night,
The Ghost it is of thy dead youth. Alas!
Happy if no dark spectre rise to blight
The vision of this far and fair delight.

Fuel for the Winter,

Composed in a time of fuel-famine.

FIRE ! fire ! fire ! lowly moaned a weeping child,
As down she passed the dimly-lighted street,
Her thin robe dripping, and sore bruised her
feet,

And pierced by icy shafts of winter wild.

Come to this heart, I cried, and reconciled

Be love supreme with wintry wind and sleet,

And all the ills that emulously meet

On thy poor head ! For misery beguiled,

And tender soothings of another's woe,

Are native promptings of that living soul

Which brought and keeps God's image here
below,

And tells us we are part of one great whole.

Then let us all our being order so,

That each one's good on all should overflow.

SUPPOSED TO BE SPOKEN BY THE WRITER'S SISTER MARY
TO HER FIRST-BORN SON, NAMED WILLIAM, SHORTLY
AFTER HIS BIRTH.

Long sought, at last found ! who won't say I was
right

In the war I've been waging from morning till
night,

From the very first hour I could lisp, weep or
groan,

To win that dear treasure, a Will of my own !

Alas ! it has cost me full many a tear,

And many a sigh to the friends I held dear,

But now, e'en Papa and dear Ellen must own

That there's nothing in life like a Will of one's
own !

While you who still deem that my treasure thus
found

Must prove a hard burthen to all those around,

Shall see that I know how to bridle with skill

That woman's delight, my own darling Will !

The Bills.

SEE the steward with the bills—

Weekly bills !

What a thrill of cold despair their atmosphere
distils

From their swelling, swelling, swelling,

On each swift-recurring day,

In the centre of my dwelling,

In despite of all my telling

That I will not, cannot pay.

Ever tot, tot, tot !

In the locker not a shot

To relieve the tribulation which my weary bosom
fills

From the bills, bills, bills, bills,

Bills, bills, bills—

From the swelling and the telling of the bills.

See the sheaf of Christmas bills,
Tradesmen's bills !
What an end to all delight from their influence
distils !
Not an hour in twenty-four
But a ringing at the door !
While the postman's double knocks
Sound below,
Flashing sharp electric shocks
To the trembling little house-wife, as she rocks
To and fro !
Ah, from out those gilded pills
What misery is flowing in a thousand poisoned
rills !
Her eye fills,
How she thrills
At the present ! how it kills
By-gone joy compared to ills,
From the telling and the swelling of the bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills,
From seeing and believing in the bills.

See the costly parchment bills—

Lawyers' bills !

The climax of all ills their verbosity fulfils !

Orphans' tears, and widows' groans,

Young wife's wail, and mother's moans,

Blasted hopes and lost renown,

There are written down, down

With a lie.

In my mind's eye I see sitting, lawyer Reynard
in his chair,

Drawing doubly-damned post-obits for his
patron's son and heir ;

He who riots, racer, player,

On the high-road to despair ;

Staking honor, fortune, credit,

(What is life when these have fled it) ;

On the cast of a loaded die.

Oh, these bills, bills, bills !

How all flesh with terror thrills

At the word !

For what mortal man can cope
With the killer of all hope,
From the peasant to the coroneted lord ?
Yes ! the client now he feels
That each letter
Was a fetter
Made to bind him neck and heels ;
Yes ! the thought it nearly kills—
Counsel's fury,
Judge and jury,
Is *each* but an item that fulfils
'The function of enlarging the sum-total of the
bills,
Of the bills, bills, bills, bills,
Bills, bills, bills—
Of the ranting and the canting in the bills.

CONVERSATION BETWEEN THE OLD AND NEW PORTFOLIO
AND THE POET, ON THE OCCASION OF THE NEW ONE
BEING GIVEN TO HIM BY A DEAR FRIEND.

Old Portfolio.

MUST we part after all the long years

We have roamed o'er the mountains together,
And you've poured all your rhymes on my ears,
As we lay side by side on the heather ?

I have tended you all the spring-time

And the bright summer days that have flown ;
Is it right with another to rhyme,
And leave me in winter alone ?

Every mood of the beautiful lake,

Every phase of the earth and the sky,
The eagle above and the deer in the brake
Are the tales that my pages supply.

It is true I'm now wrinkled and old,
And my leaves are all mildewed and sear,
Nor emblazoned in purple and gold,
As those of my rival appear.

But remember, thou falsest of men !
That the hand which has scarred me was thine,
And the mildew distilled from thy pen
Was transferred from thy pages to mine.

Now I vow and declare, if you ever
Lay me up on your dusty old shelf,
I will peach on you straight, and discover
What a cheat is concealed in yourself.

How you pilfered all bards in the round,
What your shifts were in search of a rhyme,
Sending forth but an echoing sound
When you deemed yourself super-sublime.

New Portfolio.

OLD dame, cease this causeless wailing,

Echo loves not such a strain ;

Be by him with steps unfailing

O'er the hill-tops led again ;

Climb with him the rocky mountains,

Scour with him the flowery plain,

View the rainbow span the fountains,

See the sun sink thro' the main.

Me the gentler fates attending,

Softly-soothing pleasures bring,

Willows with the brooklets blending,

Skylarks soaring as they sing.

There snugly lapped in leafy bowers,

(He the while reclined at ease)

I'll note the opening of spring flowers,

Or summer murmurs from the bees.

The Poet, to both Portfolios.

LADIES young and old, both listen !
Hark, my final, fixed decree.
You who in morocco glisten,
You who shreds and patches be !
When I muse on human folly
With you, old dame, I'll sit and sup,
And when, as oft, on darling Dolly,*
Youth and beauty I'll take up !

* The favourite daughter of the donor of the new portfolio.

To Dreaming.

YES! the sleepless and the sleeper,
And all the varied crew,
From the smiler to the weeper
Are slaves alike to you.

The awful tales of fairy-powers,
That strike the spell-bound youth,
Thus people all his vacant hours
With shapes which look like truth.

The whisperings in the groves around,
Or murmurings in the stream,
Or any other airy sound
Will conjure up his dream.

But dreams like these no longer last
Than that which gives them birth ;
And when our childhood's hour is past
Our dreams tend more to earth.

The fame of statesman or of sage,
Or tale of battles won
Replaces on the dreamer's page
The vision that is gone.

Thus as life's seasons downward slope
From May-day to December,
Our visions change from what we hope,
To that which we remember.

A Valentine.

DEAR as the dawn to seaman's weary eyes
Whose foundering bark o'er ocean darkly flies,
(No star above, no beacon-light before
To guide its course, or welcome it to shore,)
The vision of thy beauty is to me,
Borne on the waves of life's tempestuous sea.

As when returning from the world of dreams
The startled gaze first meets the morning beams,
Each nightly phantom then dissolves in air,
Fear turns to joy and hope succeeds despair ;
So wakes my heart from its long dream of
sadness,
And from thy smile draws love, light, hope and
gladness.

In southern climes at midnight's silent hour
Gently as moonlight rests on hall and bower,
Lightly as falls the dew on flower and tree,
Softly as sleep the shadows on the sea,
So shall my weary heart repose on thine
My own true love, my only Valentine !



A Love Song.

IN the long lone hours of the night

I dream of only thee, love !

When grey dawn mellows into light,

My thoughts are still of thee, love !

Through all the weary hours of day,

Where'er my footsteps listless stray,

My heart flies off to thee, love !

And when the evening shadows fall

Across the lattice, on the wall,

They picture only thee, love !

Picture only thee !

ON BEING ONCE TOLD " I AM AFRAID WITH YOU IT
IS, ' OUT OF SIGHT OUT OF MIND. ' "

How can that form be out of sight
That's imaged on the heart,
An ever-present new delight,
As thou, my Helen, art ?
Thy radiant features, laughing eyes,
And inexpressive grace,
Have left a mark which time defies,
And nothing can efface.

The eye that lights my inmost soul
In blooming beauty's quest,
Might range the world from pole to pole,
On thee at last to rest.
The soul's eye knows nor day nor night,
It never doth grow blind,
Hence Helen ne'er is out of sight,
She's imaged on the mind.

To Helen.

As I passed o'er the mountains encircling the sea
My heart travelled back, beloved Helen ! to thee,
My day-dream at morning, my vision at night,
The cause of great sorrow, the source of delight.

I remember the time, as I traversed these hills,
I could hearken with joy to the murmuring rills,
Could people with fairies each nook in the dell,
And shape to my fancy each shadow that fell ;

For my heart was my own and my fancy was
free,
Till they found out their lode-star sweet Helen !
in thee,

In thy dark robe of beauty, more lovely by far
Than the herald of dawn, or than eve's folding
star.

Though the air here is balmy, the scene passing
fair,
They heal not the heart-wound, nor drive away
care ;
'Tis thy presence alone that can lead up to this,
Turn night into day, and deep sorrow to bliss.

Could I see thee, and hear thee, and call thee my
own,
Could I tend thee, and soothe thee, in love's
softest tone,
I would reck not of station, or honours, or wealth,
I'd draw balm from thy lips, from thy sunny eyes
health.

NOTE ON GLENGARRIFF.

GLENGARRIFF. Page 34.

THE road, leading from the town of Kenmare to Glengarriff, runs along an incline until it reaches an elevation of about 1400 feet above the level of the sea, where it passes through a tunnel of about 100 yards long, out across the summit of the Cahah Mountains which here separate Kerry from Cork. A hole or skylight in the centre of the tunnel marks the boundary line of the two counties. On debouching from the Cork side of this covered viaduct the traveller beholds the far-famed Glengarriff, in English the rocky glen, in Latin (the language in which the native historian Phillip O'Sullivan wrote) *aspera vallis*. An interesting allusion is made in

the Annals of the Four Masters under the date 1602 to this Mountain Glen. The narrative after detailing the siege and capture by Sir George Carew of the O'Sullivan's Castle of Dunboy proceeds as follows :—

“ O'Sullivan, after being deprived of this castle, went with his cows, herds and people, and all his moveables, behind his rugged-topped hills into the wilds and recesses of his country. The Earl of Thomond and his army, and O'Sullivan and his forces, continued shooting and attacking each other until the Christmas times. The two armies were entrenched and encamped face to face in the Gleann-garbh (Glengarriff,) which Glen was one of O'Sullivan's most impregnable retreats.”—*O'Donovan's translation*, folio edition, p. 2313.

From the point of view now reached, the Glen is seen to stretch in one unbroken slope for a few miles till it blends with the waters of Gengarriff Harbour at the north eastern extremity of Bantry Bay. The road now winds along the mountain side, and the down-look is, at first, apt to make the gazer's head somewhat dizzy. The aspect of the region fully bears out the idea conveyed by

the name of the Glen, and innumerable sharp-pointed summits surround the way. Beneath each of these summits may be seen, or fancied to be seen, a lake well stored with trout, the number of these lakes being according to the account of the Peasantry equal to that of the days of the year. As you descend however the character of the scene changes, shrubs appear here and there, then solitary trees, until you are at last landed in an amphitheatre of woods, which, in variety of tint and luxuriance of foliage, rival those of Kíllarney. These woods stretch and with their branches dip into the beautiful Harbour of Glengarriff, formed by the island of Garrinish, in conjunction with the crescent of wooded hills which envelope it on three sides. A veritable wayside inn, clean, quiet, and comfortable, looks down into the clear depths from the margin where it stands, and furnishes repose for body and mind.

As before stated, Glengarriff Harbour is a recess in the north-east end of Bantry Bay. This famous Bay is so called according to some etymologists from the Irish word *baun* signifying white and *traigh* signifying strand. The white coral sand, so useful as a manure which

abounds on its shores gives countenance to the derivation. According to an existing tradition the most antient name was Inbhearnambarc (pronounced Invernamar) from Inbhear an estuary and *barc* a ship—the estuary of ships. At the head of the Bay lies the picturesque house, demesne and waterfall of Dunemark now part of the estate of the Earl of Kenmare. Formerly a castle stood on this spot, of which castle Sir George Carew, afterwards Lord Carew and Earl of Totness writes in *Pacata Hibernia*, when detailing his own operations as President of Munster in April, 1602 :—

“ The 30th, the army dislodged and drew to Carew Castle built in antient times by the Lord President’s ancestors, and by the Irish called *Downemarke*, or the Marquis his house, being two miles distant from the abbey of Bantry, where we sat down as well to give annoyance to the rebels, as to tarry the arriving of the shipping with victuals, munition and ordnance.”—*Pac. Hib.*, vol. 2, p. 527.

From this extract it appears that Carew derives the word mark from Marquess ; but as the title of Marquis was not conferred on any personage until 1387, when

Vere Earl of Oxford was created Marquess of Dublin by Richard II., and as the castle of Dunemarc is mentioned in inquisitions and grants of the Reign of Richard's predecessor, Edward III., the traditional derivation of Dunemark and Invermark from the Irish word signifying a ship is more likely to be the correct one. Bantry Bay, however, is at the present day the name of the glorious expanse of walled-in sea which now lies before us; besides many smaller islands, it contains three forming within its bosom three capacious harbours. Garrinish already mentioned, Whiddy forming Bantry Harbour, and Illane moore (anglice the great island) or Bere forming Bere-haven, where Her Majesty's entire fleet might,—and large squadrons of it sometimes do,—anchor in safety during the wildest weather. The Bay is about twenty-two miles long by three broad; in the season it teems with sprats, herrings, soles, turbot and John-dory, and is occasionally invaded by the grampus. Its bottom yields an abundance of coral sand, and its shores an ample supply of sea-weed, to fertilize the neighbouring districts. The surrounding shores present a succession of the most splendid sites for marine villas,

and the bay itself is rife with historic associations. Foremost among these latter is the siege in 1602 of Dunboy, the famous stronghold of O'Sullivan the native chief of the district, undertaken by the before-mentioned Sir George Carew, and described with great minuteness of detail in the work *Pacata Hibernia*, wherein the Captain commemorates his own achievement. Another famous historical incident relating to this Bay was the attempted French invasion in 1796. An expedition consisting of forty-three ships with 14,000 men on board under the command of the celebrated Hoche, sailed from Brest in the winter of that year with the intention of disembarking in Bantry Bay. Only a few ships with a small force under the command of Grouchy of Waterloo celebrity reached the destination, and the expedition returned to Brest without having effected a landing. The account of this unfortunate enterprise is given in the second vol. of Wolfe Tone's *Memoirs*, the writer having been on board the same ship with Grouchy.

About four miles from Bere-haven are the Allehies copper mines, reported the richest, both in the quantity and quality of the ore, in Ireland. They are reached by

a steep road across the peninsula and lie close to Ballin-donnegan Bay at the mouth of the Kenmare river.

To the east of Bere-haven and towering over it is Hungry hill rising almost perpendicularly 2300 feet above the waters of Bantry Bay which wash its feet. The writer has been informed by the Rev. J. O'Reilly, P.P. of Adrigol, whose residence fronts in close proximity this well known mountain, that Hungry hill is a corruption of Angry hill. The aspect of the mountain would warrant either appellation. But the dwellers in the region universally call it, Knock-daod (pronounced dade) which being interpreted means the hill of "dismal wrath." It should be added that the Rev. gentleman has the character of being as profound a Celtic scholar as he is kind and liberal in imparting his knowledge now so rare. Traveller! if you be a good pedestrian mount Hungry or Angry hill; if you do and the weather be propitious, you will see mapped below the whole south western coast, and all its bays, headlands and islands, with an accuracy equal to and a vividness far surpassing the Ordnance Survey. You will perhaps also remember that the nearest land on the west are the far off shores of

Labrador. The eastern side of the mountain during the wet season is made conspicuous to a distance of many miles by a waterfall of immense height and volume.

The sugar-loaf mountain further to the east than the last named, and close to Glengarriff, will also repay a visit. The Irish name by which the native population invariably call it is Knock-na-guila which means the hill of the fork, so called from a peculiarity in the natural features of the place. Attached to this spot is the legend of *Caillaght-na-guila*, (the witch of Knockguila). This is a veritable unadulterated piece of folklore, but the limits of this note already far too long forbid its insertion here.

In the course of the foregoing remarks three historians have been cited, all of whom were contemporary with the events they relate, and each writing in a different language from the others, and each from peculiar circumstances likely to view the facts narrated in a different light. *First*, the Annals of the Four Masters by the Franciscan Friars, written in Irish and published in 1636. *Second*, *Pacata Hibernia*, being a compilation in English from the manuscripts of Sir George Carew, Earl of Totness,

who was a chief actor in the events which he narrates. His work was published in 1633. *Third, Historiæ Catholicæ Ibernæ Compendium* written in Latin by Phillip O'Sullivan a kinsman of the O'Sullivan Beare who owned and lost the castle of Dunboy. Phillip O'Sullivan served in the Spanish Navy and published his work in 1621.

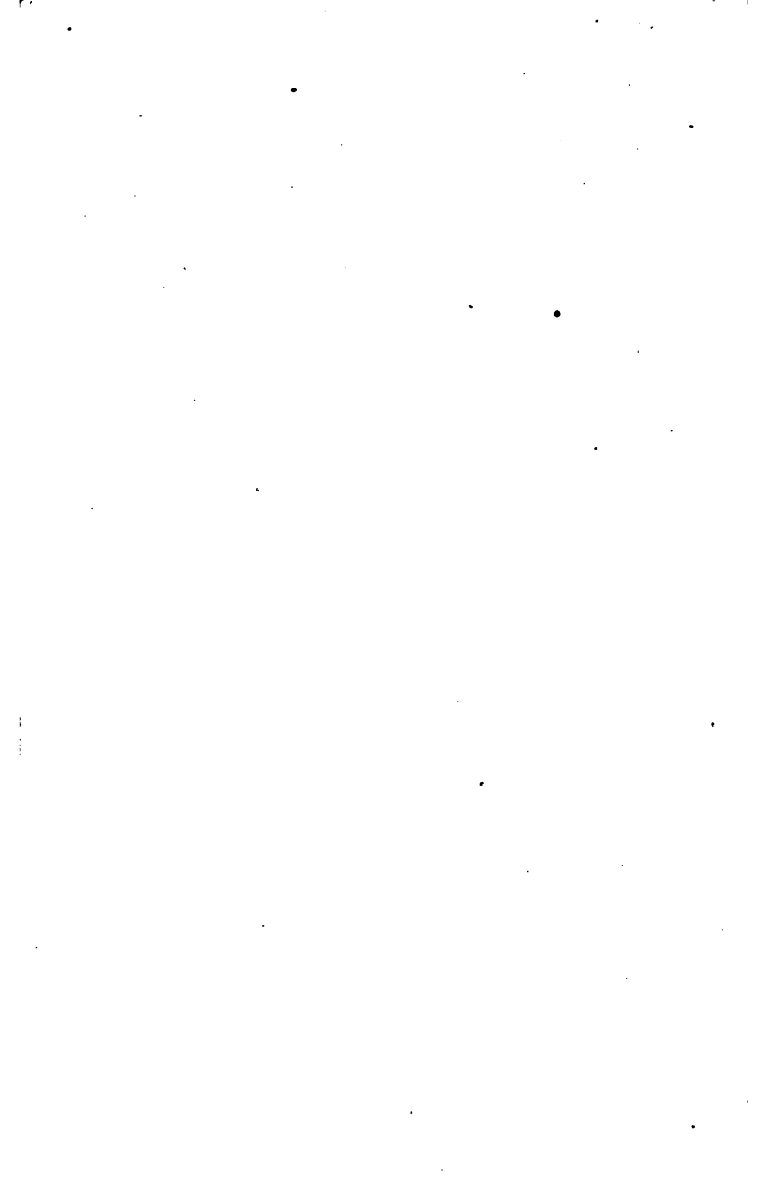


NOTE ON ROSSE CASTLE.

ROSSE CASTLE. Page 38.

THE contest which commenced in Ireland in 1641, was virtually closed in 1652 after 11 years of sanguinary and desolating warfare. The siege and capture of Rosse Castle on the shore of Killarney Lakes, may be said to have been the closing scene of the drama. The parliamentary General, Ludlow, led the besieging force, and McCarthy, Lord Muskerry, commanded the remnant of the Royal Irish army, amounting it is said to 2,500 men, which took refuge in the castle and the precincts, under the protection of the guns of the fort. An old prophecy, that the castle could not be taken except by an attack from the water, and by means of ships, had long existed, and was now circulated among the besieged, and tended

greatly to encourage an obstinate defence; as except on the water side the fortress was unapproachable, and on the lake there were no boats or other appliances to aid an attack. Under these circumstances Ludlow caused the frames of several large boats to be built in pieces, it is believed at Kinsale, and transported over land to Killarney Lakes, where they were put together by skilled artisans brought thither for the purpose by Ludlow. The appearance of these boats, filled with troopers, in Rosse bay, soon caused the surrender of the fortress. It would be out of place to discuss here the merits of the contest thus closed; but it cannot be denied, and it can give no offence now to say, that the motives which actuated the Irish army were love of their religion and country, and loyalty to their King.







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